

Ludacris

"Move Bitch feat I 20 Mystikal"

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[whistling]

[Chorus 2x: Ludacris]

Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way
Move bitch, get out the way
Get out the way bitch, get out the way

[Ludacris]

OH NO! The fight's out
I'ma 'bout to punch yo...lights out
Get the FUCK back, guard ya grill
There's somethin' wrong, we can't stay still
I've been drinkin' and bustin' two
and I been thankin' of bustin' you
Upside ya motherfuckin' forehead
And if your friends jump in, "Ohhh gurrlll", they'll be
mo' dead
Causin' confusion, Disturbin Tha Peace
It's not an illusion, we runnin tha streets
So bye-bye to all you groupies and golddiggers
Is there a bumper on your ass? NO NIGGA!
I'm doin' a hundred on the highway
So if you do the speed limit, get the FUCK outta my way
I'm D.U.I., hardly ever caught sober
and you about to get ran the FUCK over

[Chorus]

[Mystikal over second chorus]

BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out
BITCH! Watch out, watch out, watch out, move

Here I come, there I go
UH OH! Don't jump bitch, move
You see them headlights? You hear that fuckin' crowd?
Start that goddamn show, I'm comin' through
Hit the stage and knock the girlies down
I fuck the crowd up - that's what I do
Young and successful - a sex symbol

The bitches want me to fuck - true true
Hold up wait up, shorty
"Oh wazzupp, get my dick sucked, what are youu
doin'?"
Sidelinin' my fuckin' bussiness
Tryin' to get my baby child support soon
Give me that truck and take that rental back
Who bought these fuckin' T.V.'s and jewelry bitch, tell
me that?
No, I ain't bitter, I don't give a fuck
But i'ma tell you like this bitch
You better not walk in front of my tour bus

[Chorus]

[1-20 over second chorus]
Bring it, get 'em

Too bad I'm on the right track
Beef, got the right mack
Hit the trunk, grab the pump pump, I'll be right back
We buyin' bars out, showin' scars out
We heard there's hoes out, so we brought the cars out
Grab the pills cuz we poppin tonight,
Beat the shit outta security for stoppin' tha fight
I got a fifth of the remy, fuck the Belve and 'cris
I'm sellin' shit up in the club like I work in the bitch
Fuck the dress codes, it's street clothes, we all street
niggaz
We on the dance floor, throwin' bows, beatin' up niggaz
I'm from the D.E.C., tryin' to disrespect D.T.P.
And watch the bottles start flyin' from the V.I.P.
Fuck this rap shit, we clap bitch, two in your body
Grab ya four, start a fight dog, ruin the party
So move bitch, get out the way hoe
All you faggot motherfuckers make way for 2-0
So...

[Chorus]

[whistling]

[Thanks to likebuttah96@hotmail.com,
izzy_198@hotmail.com for correcting these lyrics]

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